ALL COLOR

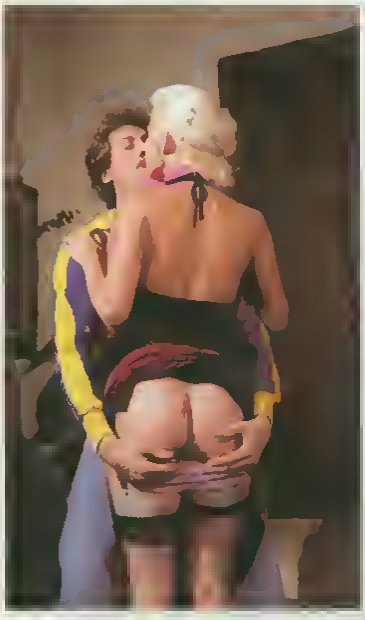
SWEDISH EROTICA

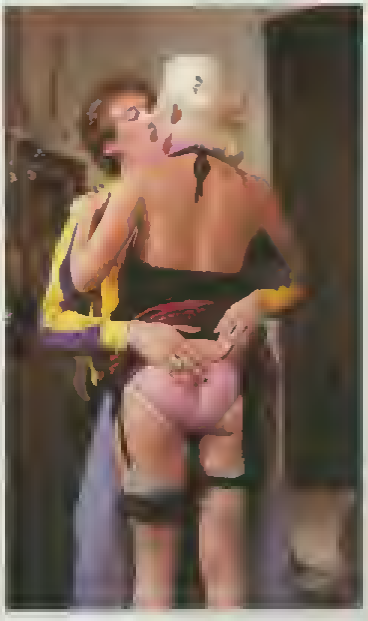
28

SALE TO MINORS PROHIBITED

A FILM REVIEW MAGAZINE

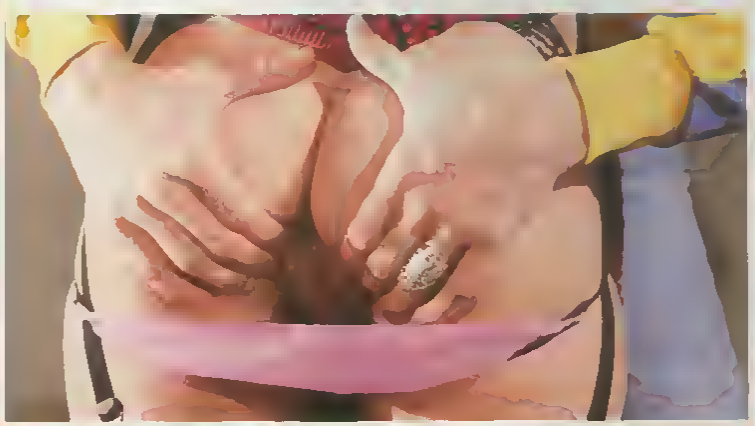
FEATURING
THE FANTASTIC JOHN HOLMES
AND
THE FABULOUS SWEET ALICE



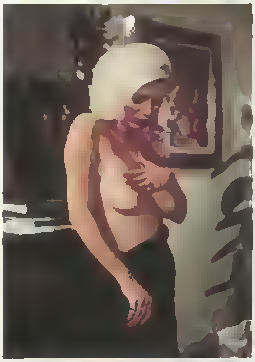


SWEET ALICE

Some day in the far distant future, perhaps, archeologists will dig up the foundation of a twentieth century building and find beneath it a time capsule, a sealed casing of indestructible material containing artifacts from this century There will be mechanical devices, books, descriptions of our lifestyles. But the only representations of actual human beings will be the collected motion pictures of John

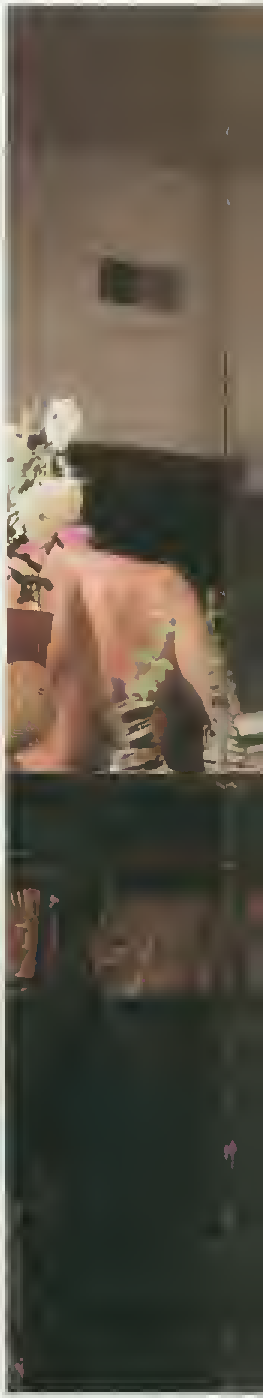


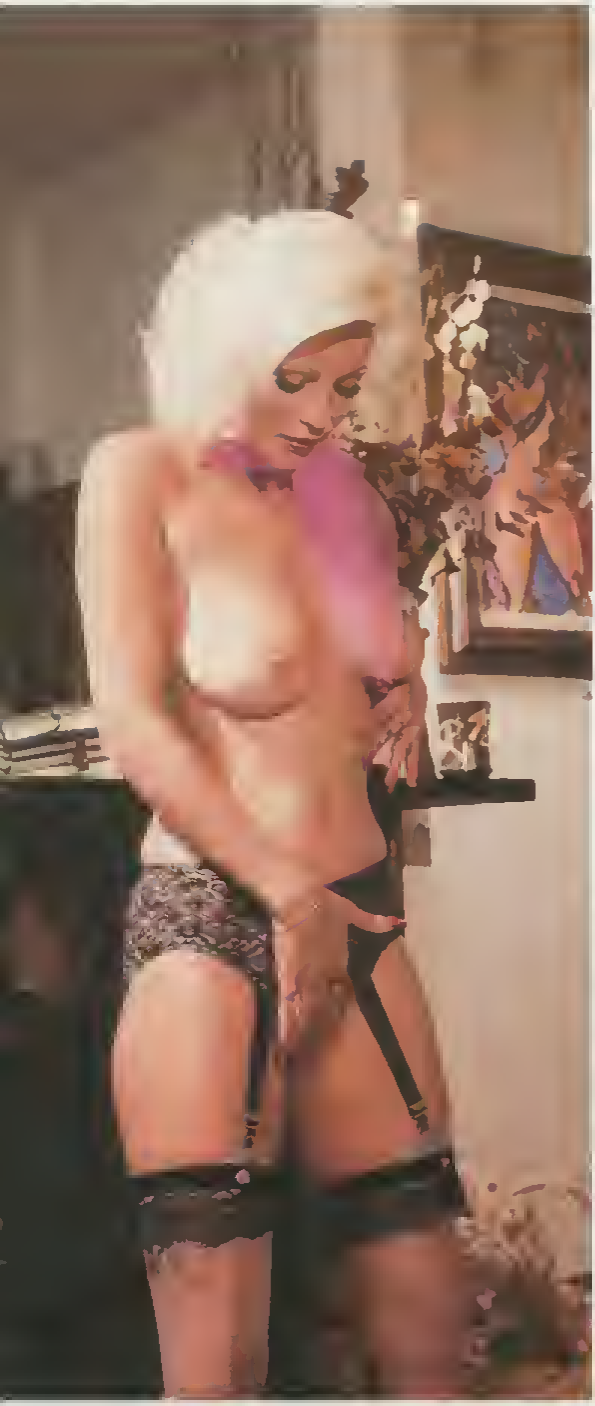
"There is no denying that the lady has a lot of stuff to show off."



Holmes.

Just think of it. Millions of movie frames of John's cock in action. Fucking, being sucked, making its way into rear passageways, firing load after load of cum seemingly on command, as though Big John was an automoton who could build a hardon at the director's command and shoot a load on cue. They will have to believe, if they are in any way like archeologists and anthropologists of the present day, that John Holmes is a typical specimen of twentieth century manhood and that all of us now living are the mightiest cocksmen in the history of the human species. (They will also assume, of course, that our society revolved around free and unencumbered sex.) About the last, they may be fairly near the truth

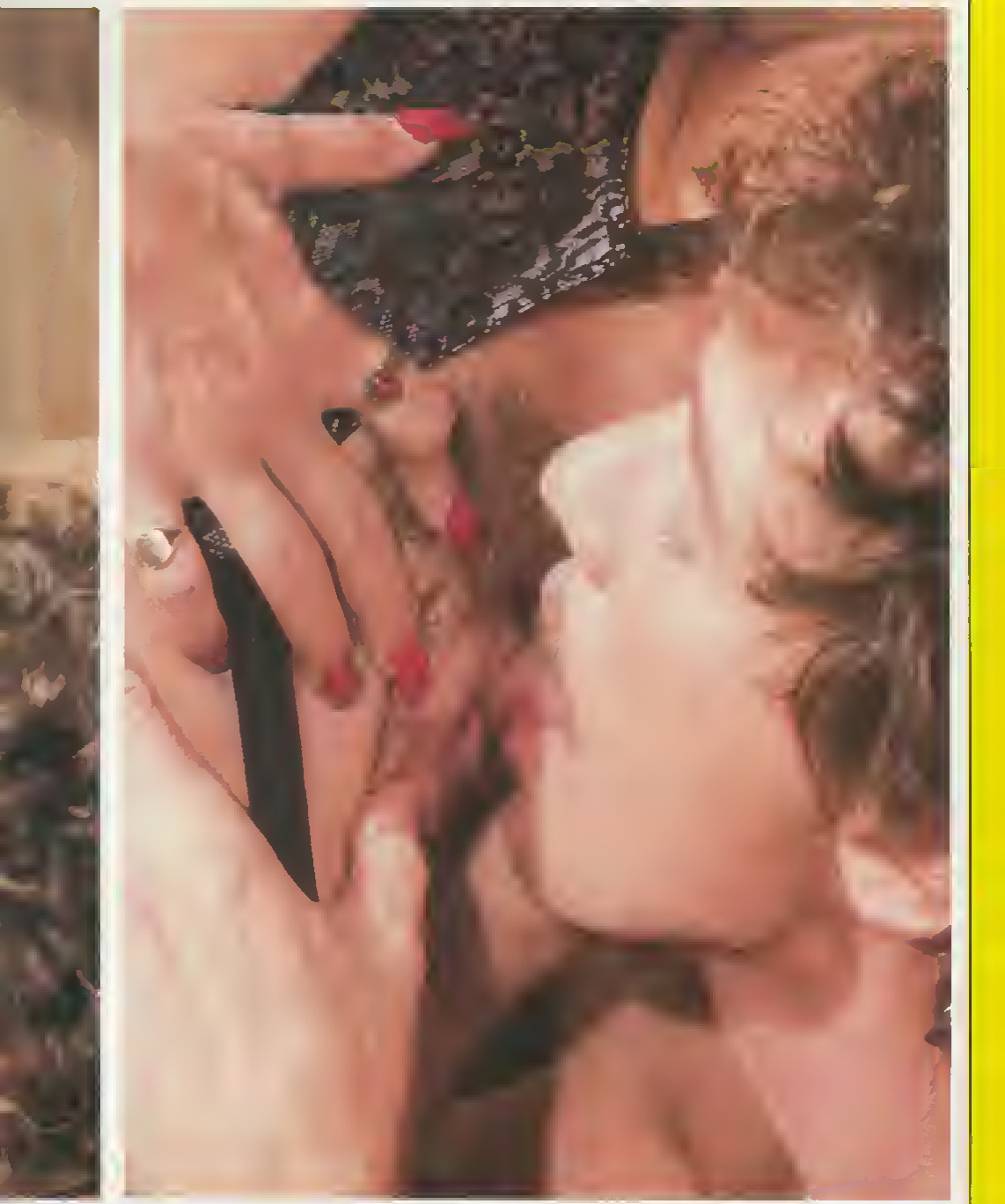


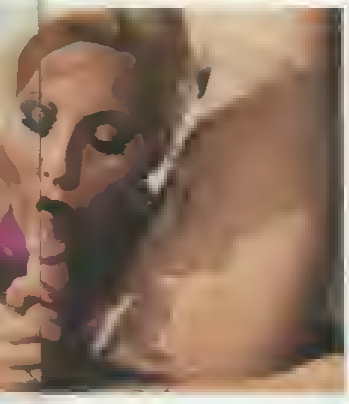


Big John's latest film, *Sweet Alice*, is likely to be one of their favorite films from that theoretical time capsule Although John does a solo in this one, whereas he's often teamed with at least one other man and two or more women, he proves in *Sweet Alice* that he has the talent and the working gear to carry a film all by himself. His blond cohort, while fantastically stacked (one of the best asses we've ever seen on a broad) and at least as beautiful as most of Hollywood's leading ladies, demonstrates no startling talents at the art of fucking and sucking. In this film it's Big John all the way, to the delight of his fans, of whom this critic is one

Let us dispose first of the lady. She fucks well, if somewhat mechanically. But this may be due to the incredible dimensions of the equipment Big John is continually ramming into every available opening. The average gal is accustomed to being fucked by average cocks, and getting used to one the size of John's must take a bit of time. We have it on good authority from a lady friend that, while big cocks are welcomed by her, gigantic cocks are not. It isn't the width she minds. Indeed, she could take cocks much thicker than any she has yet to encounter. It's the length, and length is a category in which Big John shines. The lady claims that, in certain positions, an extra long cock simply goes in too deep. It batters against the bottom of her cunt and, while this sensation can be explosively pleasant at first, it becomes painful with a guy who takes too long to come, reversing the usual situation. Usually her preferences are for men who delay shooting off their loads as long as possible, so that she can come time after time before they're through. But with the long-cocked man she wants a man who's quick on the trigger.

Big John is both slow on the trigger and also equipped with a repeater. He seems able to come time after time without exhaustion. And so it is possible that the gal in the film was suffering from John's repeated bombardment with the bottom of her cunt. All





women, after all, do not have cunts of the same depth, and while they can expand laterally to accommodate a cock of any thickness, they cannot stretch their cunts from entrance to bottom. It is possible, therefore, that the gal was suffering from the stretching of her hole. If so, a tip to casting directors for John Holmes's films. Measure the gals' cunts for depth and match him only against those who can take him.

On sucking John off the lady does a bit better, but not much. It isn't her fault. We've never seen any gal give Big John a really good blow job and doubt that even the best of them could take him in whole. Next time you see John in action, estimate the length of his mighty dong. Then estimate the distance from the lips of the gal he's working with to the back of her throat. If in doubt, take it to the back of her neck. You will realize, then, that if he rammed it in all the way there would be six inches of that mighty dong sticking out of the back of her pretty little neck. Since John isn't out to murder his leading ladies, it should be obvious that not one of them is ever going to give him the perfect blow job. John, alas, is going to go through life without ever

"Though no woman, to this critic's knowledge, has ever been able to give Big John a proper blow job, I must admit that Sweet Alice is without a doubt one of the best we've seen."

having tasted sensations available to you and to me and to other ordinarily equipped men.

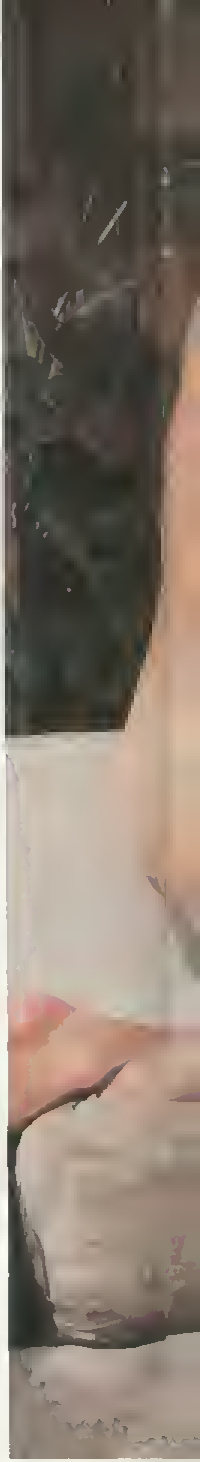
Nevertheless, we must give the gal good grades for trying. When John's cock approaches her sweet red lips they part obediently and let the thing in. And in it goes, inch by remarkable inch, while the gal's eyes pop and she writhes on the sofa as though she were being strangled.

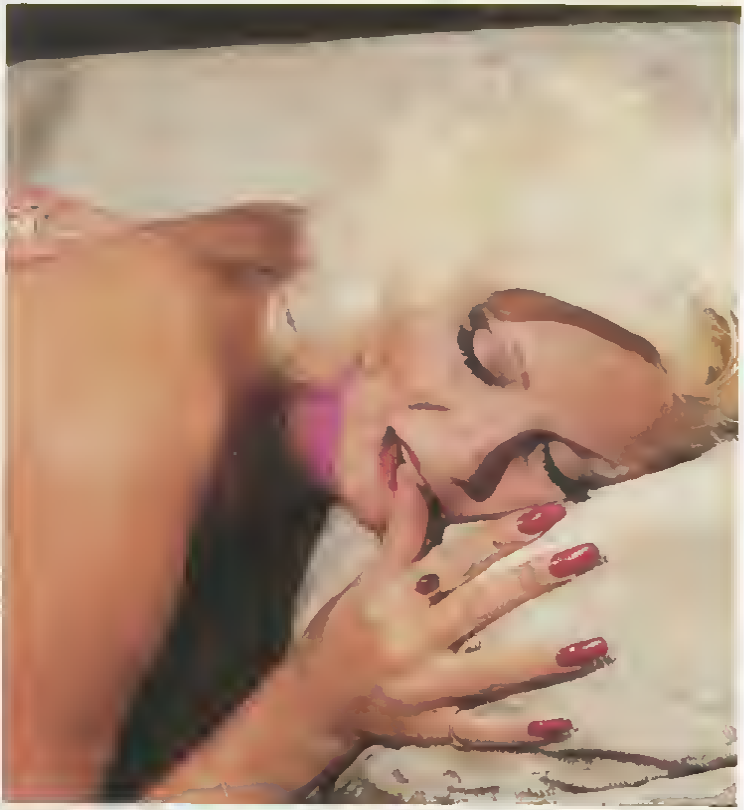
We award her a kudo for one bit of acting, if acting it was. When the film is nearing its end. When Big John has fired load after load into every hole she has that can take it, she lays back with eyes closed and accepts his last load in the mouth with all the appearance of total exhaustion. She is shot, done, finished. The great man has worked her over and she has had enough to last her the rest of the month — or at least until tomorrow. She is fucked out, sucked out and eaten out. Every organ capable of perceiving sensation has been swamped with input. Her fuses are blown and her circuit breakers jammed open. Not one more orgasm is left in her. She is wiped out. The cock with a man attached has finished her

As for Big John Holmes himself, the star of the film, he never ceases to amaze his audience. That mighty cock is never seen wilted, but always ready for action or actually in the act. He comes at the right moment in extra volume, as though the reservoirs within him were continually being replenished with cum. His cock, which logically should be covered with callouses from all the rubbing in and out of mouths and cunts and assholes it has been subjected to, seems ever the ready instrument, angling in for the kill like a meat torpedo with an atomic warhead in its nose. Big John, the man who's fucked literally thousands of cunts, manages to treat each one as the first in his life. That's acting. You could not do it nor could we. Yet John does, and *Sweet Alice* demonstrates his talents in this area to perfection.

Incidentally, we have commented in the past that while John's cock is certainly of world championship dimensions, his balls are only ordinary. Our lady friend, who accompanied us to the filming of *Sweet Alice*, assures us that he has quite large balls and that they only appear small in comparison with his cock. She claims that if his balls were in proportion to his cock the weight of them would undoubtedly rupture him. (She also said that we were comparing his balls to our own and that this critic had more balls than anyone else she knew.)

Well, it may take balls to be a critic, but not when reviewing John Holmes films, which





stand up to any criticism.

One of John's greatest talents, amply demonstrated in *Sweet Alice*, has nothing to do with his cock or balls at all. We are referring, of course, to his abilities as a cunt licker. This is an art that requires talent rather than equipment, although a very long tongue would certainly make the game easier. John's tongue, however, appears to be of ordinary length, so it's how he uses it that counts rather than sheer length, and John uses it superbly.

Most cocksmen in fuck films give the gal's cunt a few odd licks when it comes their way before the cameras and then get down to what they consider serious business, fucking. John Holmes, on the other hand, takes his time. He licks and laps and rims the lady's cunt before plunging in to her clit for the kill. He takes the time to build her up, then keeps her hanging on the edge for as long as possible, wondering when his tongue will finally strike home. When it does, you can tell that the lady has been thoroughly prepared. She jumps as though shot when tip of tongue finally touches tip of clit, and her legs begin to writhe. She's building up for her first orgasm and John lets her have it, right before the cameras. Indeed, that has become one of the hallmarks of John's films. With other actors, half the time the gal is faking her orgasms like a good little actress. In John's films, there has never been a faked female orgasm we have been able to detect. They all look real and probably are. If the gal in *Sweet Alice* was faking them, then she must really be a superb actress

But Big John's forte in all of his films is his fucking. The sucking and the cunt eating are trimmings, like icing on the cake. If John skimps on the fucking or hurries through it too fast, nothing else he can do can remedy the situation — and there have been films starring John Holmes, particularly a few of his earlier ones, where the attention to his fucking was minimal.

We are happy to state that this was not the case with *Sweet Alice*. The fucking is protracted, energetic, and takes place in as wide a variety of positions as the audience could hope for. John paces himself and his leading lady so perfectly that, at the end of the film, she is totally exhausted and you are firmly convinced that Big John has fired the last shot in his gun.

Incidentally, the

"Her cunt seemed to swallow his cock with comfort."

rumors are false that have been spread recently regarding the use of a standin for John Holmes. The story has been that a ringer has been used at times for the closeups, with John only appearing when his face is actually shown. This tale has it that John can no longer keep up a stiff cock for an entire shooting session and they have to fake it with that standin. Any student or fan of John's, who knows what to look for, will be able to dispel this false rumor at a glance.

"John may lap and lick well, but his true forte is still straight-out fucking. The action was explosive and they were both convincing as hell."

Pick any scene in which the camera starts out with a long shot and then closes in to show only John's cock in action. *Make a mental note of the vein pattern in John's cock.* The next time you see only his cock in action, in a scene that begins with the closeup, you will note that the pattern is exactly the same. It is a little known fact that the vein pattern in a man's cock is as distinctive as his fingerprints, and that he can be identified by them. You will immediately agree that no other cock than Big John's is doing the fucking, or getting sucked. And in *Sweet Alice*, a film in which he has no male partner to carry the action, every bit of the plentiful action is supplied by John himself.

No doubles are needed for Big John Holmes, at least not yet.

If there is a weakness in the film, it is in the absence of a plot. Maybe producers of fuck films believe that all the audience wants is action, action and more of it, but there are many men and women these days who are getting bored with the old-fashioned formulas and want a bit more for their money. They want the fucking and all that goes with it, certainly, but they also want a motive for the action. They want to know why Big John and his lady friend are pumping and sucking away at each other. They want to be emotionally

involved, not mere spectators at an orgy. They want reasons to empathise with the actors, not just disconnected sex scenes to jerk off by. John's producers in the past have often gone out of their way to provide such plots, and we believe that no sex film is complete without them.

The camera work in *Sweet Alice*, however, perhaps more than compensates for the lack of a plot. The color is superb and the images razor sharp. The cuts come at appropriate moments and of the action, at least, nothing is left to the imagination. Fuck film producers, unlike the Hollywood version, do not have to suggest that their characters indulged in various types of erotic behavior. They show it on the screen in living color, which is what their audiences expect, and in *Sweet Alice* the viewer will get his or her money's worth.

All in all, *Sweet Alice* is a much better than average effort, a worthy addition to the growing collection of motion pictures he has made. If it is ever included in that mythical collection we earlier assigned to a time capsule, the scientists of the future will not be disappointed by it ●